NUMB. LXIV.

THE PLAIN DEALER.

Quid enim ſors eſt? Idem propemodum quod micare, quod talos jacere, quod teſſeras. Quibus in rebus temeritas & caſus non Ratio nec Conſilium valet.
CICERO Lib. 2. de Divin.

Iſta Veneficii vetus eſt via. —— —— OVID Remed. Am.

Inveni germana viam (gratare ſorori)
Quæ mihi reddat eum, vel eo me ſolvat amantem. VIRG.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30. 1724.

AMONG a Thouſand ſhining Proofs of the Capacity of *Woman's Wit*, I have met with no Inſtance more extraordinary, than the *SUBJECT* of the following *LETTER*: Which I therefore publiſh, in Honour of the Advance of *Feminine Learning*. Tho', when I conſider the Force of the Sexes *Natural Magick*, I obſerve with ſome Jealouſy, their Pretenſions to the *ART* of *CONJURING*.

A Common-Council Man of this Great City, writes to me, with much Impatience, to be inform'd, Whether there is no Statute, in Force, againſt the Study of the *BLACK ART?* I was at a Loſs, what *Art* he meant, till he went on to inform me, That he can never make his Viſits, to a certain Lady, of his Acquaintance, but his Wife knows where he has been; and ſhews him, for Proof of it, *a Man, and a Woman, in a China Cup*, diſcover'd, cloſer than they ſhou'd be, by means of certain Tell-Tale *HIEROGLYPHICKS*, in the ſettling of her *Coffee-Grounds*.

APPLICATION has been alſo made to me, by the Husbands of ſome fore-ſeeing Ladies, who go to Bed, to *take Counſel*; and are as Wiſe, when *aſleep*, as *waking*.—One poor Gentleman, in particular, has been kept at Home, theſe ſix Days, upon a Dream which his Wife had, *That an* Owl *flew out of her Boſom, and met with a* Jack-Daw, *that pick'd his Eyes out.* This has *abſolutely convinc'd* her, that *Her Spouſe will receive ſome Miſchief*, the very firſt Time, that he ventures out of her Company.—In fine, our Women are become a *Nation of Sages!* And Men muſt ſhortly be Dependent on them, not for *DELIGHT* only, but *INSTRUCTION*.

SIR,

'YOU were pleas'd, in a late *PLAIN-DEALER*, to threaten the Male-World with an Inundation of *Female-Wit*. Before we are ſo Happy as to have this comfortable Tide break in upon us, I conceive it to be the Duty of every *Married Chriſtian*, who is honeſtly conſcious of His Wife's Superiority, to furniſh you with fit Materials; by *confeſſing*, as far as in him lies, the Bleſſing, that has befallen him.

'I think it a Wiſe Man's Part, to be *humble*, in the midſt of *Preferment*, and wou'd, therefore, be underſtood to *ſpeak without boaſting*, when I inform You, That I am able to read my own Name, among the Worſhipful, The Commiſſioners for Conſervation of His Majeſty's *Peace*.—But I have a *Wife!* who, not to praiſe her, more than ſhe really deſerves, won'd have made a better *Juſtice* than any of us.—Her Underſtanding blazes out, to the Admiration of All, who know her; only, like Wood, that is too vigorous, ſhe is apt to *ſnap*, a little, in her flaming: For which, in order to be Even with her, I have given her the Name of *SNUBSY*.

'THE worſt of it is, She confines her Talent to *one Science*: And, ſo, her Qualities, which, if divided, might have adorn'd a hundred Arts, are, All, profuſely laviſh'd, for Improvement of that ſingle Purpoſe.

'MY Spouſe, Good Sir, to be plain with you, is far gone in *Palmeſtry*: But *Greek*, and *She*, being intimate Acquaintance, Her own Name for it, is *Chiromancy*.—If *Longitude* lay in her Palm, ſhe cou'd not fail to *diſcover* it; and be *paid for her peeping*.—My Brothers, of the Bench, you know, are not without ſome Wit, in their Way; and moſt of them can *crack a Joke*, when we meet, over a Bottle.—I venture, now and then, to *puſh a Pun*, upon theſe Occaſions: And they, All, know, as well as I do, That I have no *cloſe fiſted* Wife, tho' ſhe *makes a good Hand, of it*.

'I ALLOW her a *Study*, to herſelf, at the End of a Long Gallery; where when I walk, and take my Pipe, I am ſure, If I but peep thro' the Key-hole, to ſee her Thumbs as high as her Eyes; and half a Score reverend Philoſophers, who Treat on this Deep Myſtery, lying ſpread, on a Table, before her.—She has *Fortune*, at her Finger's Ends! and never *Sybil* propheſied, with ſuch unwearied Application.

'IT gives me no ſmall Delight, to obſerve how buſy ſhe will often be, in looking over my *Line of Life*: And, really, ſometimes, ſhe *hits* Things, ſo ſtrangely, that One wou'd almoſt believe, ſhe has *more Help than ſhe ſhou'd have*!—My *CEPHALICK*, (which, you are to know, is my *Head Line*) has, it ſeems, a *Forky Figure*, in the midſt of it, that points, with both Horns, againſt my *Linea Vitalis*.—I don't know why it is, but ſhe always *laughs*, when ſhe ſees this Mark; and ſays, She is ſure, that *ſome Good* will come, of it, becauſe the But-End of the Fork points directly, from the *Dragon's Tail*, to the *Mount of* Venus.

'THO'

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'THO' I believe her, at my Heart, yet I pre-
'tend to make a Doubt of it; only becauſe there
'can be no *prettier Diverſion*, than to ſee how ſhe
'*frets*, and what a deal of good-natur'd Pains ſhe
'will take, to convince me of it! — I muſt own, I
'ſtand amaz'd at the Improvement of her Natural
'Parts, by the Benefit of frequent Practice, upon
'Secrets, which I am utterly a Stranger to!

'WE have a New Miniſter, in our Pariſh, and,
'the firſt Time he came to Dine, at our Houſe, I
'ſhall never forget how he ſtar'd, when *SNUBSY* be-
'gan to ſhew her Learning!—She no ſooner looked in
'in his Hand, than ſhe told him, He would be made
'a *Biſhop*. He is counted a Man of *Letters*, and
'yet, he was not able to *diſprove* it; though he own'd,
'indeed, *It was unlikely*: For, ſhe reduced it to a
'Demonſtration, little leſs than *Mathematical*; by
'*Squares*, *Trines*, *Circles*, *Stars*, *Spots*, *Tokens*, *Signs*,
'*Lines*, and *Figures*, of a thouſand different Sorts,
'*Direct*, *Tranſverſe*, and *Parallel*: Purſuing every
'Argument, with an invincible Force of Reaſoning,
'through the *Cavea Martis*, to the *Via Solis*; and
'unravelling all the *Croſſes*, in the *Tuberculum*, on
'the *Mons Saturni*; till ſhe came within Reach of the
'*Via Lactea*, under the *Girdle* of *Venus*: And, there,
'the *Doctor* ſtopt her, and made Acknowledgments of
'his Satisfaction.

'WE went lately to ſhew *Bedlam*, to a Country-
'Couſin, who came up, to viſit us: And, in the mid-
'dle of the long Room, my *SNUBSY* took a Fancy,
'to let her Kinſwoman ſee how fine a Skill ſhe was
'Miſtreſs of: In order to which, ſhe fell to reading us
'a *Lecture*, over the Palm of a Silent *Lunatic*; who,
'with a Rugg about his Shoulders, very quietly gave
'her his Hand, through the *Grate* he was ſtanding at.
'— She had juſt pointed out, How his *Mons Mercurii*
'became afflicted, by an Evil-Line, from his *Mons*
'*Lunæ*, when the Patient beſprinkled her buſy Face,
'with a Bowl-full of a certain Ill-ſcented Liquor,
'of his own making, which his other Hand had con-
'cealed, behind him. — We were, all, in good Mea-
'ſure, made Partakers of his Bounty. But my
'Couſin, and I, were beginning to quit ſome Part
'of it, which we thought we ſhould have no Uſe
'for, when we were interrupted by our dripping
'*Chiromancer*, who ran between us, all in Tranſport,
'holding her Hands as high as our Eyes, and crying
'out, with great Vehemence, That *Her Fears were,*
'*now, over*; — For ſhe had foreſeen, by a *Combuſt-*
'*Line*, between her *Pollex* and her *Cardiac*, That
'ſhe ſhould be in Danger of a Violent Death,
'either by *Drowning*, or *Suffocation*!

'IT is not in my Power to explain to You All the
'Benefits, which I receive, from this Profoundneſs of
'my Spouſe's *Foreſight*. — Other People, when they
'take *new Servants*, are forc'd to ſend, and enquire
'their *Character*: But my little Conjurer, does but
'peep upon their Palms, and ſatisfies her ſelf imme-
'diately. — I had a very ſtrong Partiality for a
'Smiling, Country, Girl, that came, laſt Week, to
'offer her Service, in the Quality of a *Chamber-*
'*Maid*. But upon the very firſt Inſpection, my Ex-
'aminer charg'd her Home, With *Three Favourite*
'*Sweethearts*; and, then Whiſpered ſomething in her
'Ear, which ſhe ſtaid not to return an Anſwer to;
'but ran, bluſhing, out of Doors, in the utmoſt
'Hurry, and Diſorder. — And this *Diſcovery*, my
'*Caſſandra* aſſured me, was grounded merely upon
'*Palmiſtry*; the Girl having a manifeſt *Triangle*,
'on the Bottom of the *Mount of Venus*, which ex-
'tended ſo far, downward, as to make a *Cleft*, in her
'*Reſtricta*.

'I WAS, once, in ſome Kind of Danger to
'have been drawn into a *Plot*; but my *SNUBSY* found
'it out, in the Palm of my Hand; and, in Preſence
'of a *Miniſter of State*, who, I can aſſure You, made
'no ſmall Uſe of Her, convinc'd me, beyond Di-
'ſpute, That I ſhould bid fair for being *hang'd*, by
'Virtue of a *crooked Line*, *that croſs'd my* Via Combuſta
'— This frighted me from my fooliſh Purpoſe: But,
'I remember, I was ſtrangely comforted, to diſcover,
'at the ſame Time, upon the *Miniſter*'s opening his
'Hand too, That his Lordſhip had a *Combuſta*, as
'*dangerouſly mark'd*, as mine was.

'AFTER ſo happy a Deliverance, by Interpo-
'ſition of Her Art, I grew deſirous to be *taught* it;
'and, with a great Deal of Good Succeſs, I got over
'the Heathen Names of her *Planets*; and knew
'what Parts of her Hand they *kept Houſe* in. — I was
'wonderfully pleaſed with *VENUS*, when I found,
'in my *Primmer of Palmiſtry*, That ſhe ſignified
'*Woman-kind*, *Kiſſes*, and *Ladies Curioſities*: But I
'could never away with *MERCURY*; For her
'*Books* were pleas'd to inform me, That he held his
'Influence over *Pages*, *Pimps*, and *Lawyers*; *Juſtices*
'*of the Peace*, and *Aſtrologers*. — I thought it, from
'that Time forward, unbecoming my Honour, and
'Gravity, to apply my ſelf to an Art, that had
'treated my Office with ſuch Indignity. — And, as
'often as I caſt my Eye upon theſe Venerable Words,
'*Juſtice of the Peace*, and ſaw them mix'd with ſuch
'Ill Company, I cloſ'd my Fiſt, in a Fury, and
'would ſtudy *Palmiſtry* no longer.

'YET, in the Way my *SNUBSY* practices, Truth
'compells me to confeſs, It is an inexhauſtible Fund
'of Benefits, both to my Self, and to the Publick.
'— If I happen to be ſick, ſhe conſults *not* my *Pulſe*,
'but, my *Palm*. — And, when Perſons, of leſs
'Learning, feel Change of Weather, in their *Toes*,
'ſhe reads it, under her *Fingers*. — In ſhort, it is
'impoſſible for any Body, but One, who knows as
'much of her as I do, to imagine what ſtrange
'Signs, and Tokens, ſhe always carries about her;
'and what Great Things they ſignify!

'TO ſuch a powerful Pitch of Perfection has ſhe
'rais'd her ſurprizing Skill, that ſhe ſaved a Poor
'Man's Life, lately, who was brought before me, by
'a Neighbour's Daughter, in Order to charge him,
'upon Oath, With having done no leſs than *raviſh'd*
'her: But *SNUBSY*, who was for beginning the Ex-
'amination, in her own Way, no ſooner ſaw the
'Inſide of their Hands, than ſhe convinced the
'Sufferer, very ſeaſonably, That the Accident was
'*unavoidable*; having been foretokened, by a plain
'*Inciſure*, on the Center of her *Via Lactea*: So, that,
'being *decreed*, from Both their Births, this Misfor-
'tune became a *Fate*; and it would have been in
'vain to have ſtruggled againſt it. — The poor Girl
'wept, and thanked her; and, with charitable
'Change of Purpoſe, told the Priſoner, That *ſhe*
'*forgave him heartily*; *for ſhe thought it Hard, To*
'*have a Man hanged for doing Nothing, but what he*
'*was* born *for*.

'IN Juſtice to the Merit of a Wife, ſo deeply
'learn'd, I could do no leſs than deſire you to acquaint
'the World with my *SNUBSY*'s *Character*, when you
'come to lay open the Wonders of our *Engliſh Ladies*
'*Genius*.

I am, with due Regard,

SIR,

Your never-failing READER,

And your humble SERVANT,

WALTER WORSHIPFUL.

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